

THE ARIEL

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRIE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. III

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 31, 1829.

NO. 14.

FOR THE ARIEL.
STANZAS.

When o'er some lonely mound we bend,
That hides from view a long-wept friend,
How bitter are the tears that flow!
How deep the anguish—sad the woe!
Smarting beneath the chast'ning rod
Bestow'd by a correcting God!
Low at the altar's step we weep;
And vow in sorrow sad as deep;
Mid smother'd sobs our sin deplore,
We promise to offend no more;
And ne'er to desecrate again
His temple by our conduct vain.
Alas! the turf is hardly green
Above the grave of "who hath been,"
The bitter tear is hardly shed
O'er the lov'd number of the dead,
When he who punish'd is forgot,
As though the chastening "was not."
Folly reigns o'er, with potent sway,
The heart that sunk in sad dismay.
The altar now it passes by,
Coldly with proud averted eye;
Forgets its vows, its hopes, its fears:
Forgets its God, who caus'd its fears.
Then what is man? Ah! what am I?
"A lighter thing than vanity;"
Unstable as watry glass,
That still reflects another face;
Faithful in nought, excelling never,
But sinning and repenting ever.

LAURENTIA.

ORIGINAL.

REMINISCENCE OF PAUL JONES.

FOR THE ARIEL.

MR. EDITOR: I observed in a late number of your paper, a notice of the death of GEORGE ROBERTS, in Middletown, New Hampshire, at the age of 75 years. The notice of his death was crowded into that column of your paper usually allotted to the recording of such events, and among notices of the decease of several other revolutionary soldiers it stated his numerous services: that he had served under Paul Jones on various occasions, and that he was an able seaman.

Sir, I knew George Roberts well. I served with him under the same commander, in the same ship, on the same perilous cruises, and fought by his side in the same desperate engagements; and that he was a good and honest seaman was well and truly said; and it will be allowed of an old man to make a small tribute to the memory of an old fellow sailor; and you will oblige me by putting this letter in your paper.

George Roberts and myself were fellow sailors with Paul Jones, in his expedition against the British, in 1778, when he terrified the commerce of that country by constantly hovering about the coast of Scotland and Ireland, though having only a ship of eighteen guns. When Jones landed on the coast of Scotland, and took away all the family plate of the Earl of Selkirk, Roberts was one of the sailors who marched into the Castle while that strange deed was done, I remaining on board the ship. The plate was all brought on board and safely disposed of, though as it turned out, much to the Commodore's loss, as he had afterwards to buy it up in Paris, to return it to the owner. He intended to capture the Earl, and detain him as a hostage; but being absent from home at the time we landed, it was prevented.

The next year, 1779, Roberts and I sailed again with our brave commander from Brest, in France, in the frigate Good Man Richard, carrying forty guns and four hundred and twenty men, or thereabouts, as near as I can recollect. She was an old

ship, not fit for the hard service we put her to, as it afterwards came out. On the 22d of September, off Flamborough Head, which is a high rock that overlooks the sea, we fell in with the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the frigate Serapis, of fifty six guns, and the sloop Countess of Scarborough, a very heavy ship, but I do not recollect having heard how many guns she carried. Just as the moon rose, at eight in the evening, the enemy fired his first broadside, when within pistol shot of us. And now a most murderous scene began. The action raged with horrid violence, and the blood ran ankle deep out of the ship's scuppers. Our rigging was cut up to atoms, and finally, both ships took fire—so that friend and foe were obliged to rest from fighting, that they might extinguish the flames. The Richard being old, was soon shot through, and began to sink. In this awful condition, Jones's voice, like the roaring of a lion, was heard above the din of the battle, ordering to grapple with the enemy. We accordingly made our ship fast to the Serapis; and it was easily done, as the two were so near to each other, that when I drew out the rammer of the gun I belonged to, the end of it touched the side of the Serapis! Being thus fast and safe, we fought without any resting, until nearly all our guns were burst or dismounted—the ship nearly full of water—our first lieutenant, Grubb, shot dead by Jones's own pistol, for hauling down the colors without orders, and which happened only at my elbow—our decks covered with dead and dying—and the ship cut up into splinters. While in this awful and desperate situation, my friend Roberts, seeing how near spent we were, jumped on the main yard of our vessel, which projected directly over the decks of the Serapis, with a bundle of hand-grenades. These he contrived to throw down upon the Serapis's deck, and succeeded in blowing up two or three of their powder chests. The explosion of which killed and wounded a great many men. The captain of the Serapis, perceiving his activity, ordered some shots to be fired at Roberts. One of them struck a rope by which he supported himself, and caused him to fall upon the gunwale of the enemy's ship, which I observing, caught hold of him and pulled him aboard. He immediately got up on the same yard again, with a fresh supply of hand-grenades, and made such dreadful havoc on the enemy's deck, that in a few minutes they surrendered. For this great bravery, Paul Jones publicly thanked him on the quarter-deck of the Serapis, the next afternoon, giving him double allowance of grog for the week afterwards.

It was near midnight when the action terminated. The top of Flamborough Head was covered with people watching the engagement, and no doubt the sight must have been grand. The next day our ship sunk, being fairly battered to pieces by the enemy's shot, as they poured a shockingly murderous fire into us all the while. Commodore Dale, who died in this city about two years ago, was Jones's second lieutenant, and was badly wounded about the middle of the battle. He was ordered to go below, though he wished still to fight upon deck. After he went down he was very useful in taking care of a large number of English prisoners we had on board. We had one hundred and seventy-four men killed, and nearly as many wounded and missing. The Serapis had one hundred and thirty-five killed, and about eighty wounded.

Captain Pearson, the English commander, fought nobly, and defended his ship to the last. He had nailed his flag to the mast, and was afraid to haul it down, when he surrendered, as none of his men would go up to tear it away, because they dreaded

the sharp-shooters in our round-tops. So when he concluded to give up, he mounted the gunwale just by where I was standing, and called out in a loud voice, "We surrender! we surrender!" Captain Jones not hearing this, I left my gun and ran to him and told him of it. He instantly ordered the firing to cease, and the flag hauled down—but no Englishman would do it, as musket shots were still exchanged between the two vessels. On hearing this, George Roberts jumped aboard the enemy's ship, mounted the tattered shrouds, and hacked down the British ensign from its proud height. As it fell, what I considered as very remarkable, a cap full of wind took it, and laid it directly at Jones's feet, at the same time spreading it nearly all over the dead body of lieutenant Grubb, who, in the heat of the fight, was still lying dead on the deck. When the crew of the Richard saw the flag fall, they gave thirteen tremendous cheers, at which Captain Pearson shrunk back from his high stand, into the shadow of his mizen-mast.

When we returned from this cruise, being affected in my hearing by a splinter which struck me under the ear, I left the service, and saw nor heard no more of my friend George Roberts, from that day, until I saw his death inserted in your paper. He was a true-hearted and honest man, and bold to a degree not to be daunted. He was younger than me—and yet he has closed his eyes in that sleep to which all of us, soldiers or not, must one day give up.

J. H.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

From Paris papers of August 4th.

SUPREME COURT OF JUSTICE FOR THE KINGDOM OF BAVARIA.

THE GERMAN MINGRAT.

Trial of a Priest charged with having assassinated three women; with the particulars of the Jesuitical system of defence of the Assassin.

Germany has its 'Mingrat,' in the person of Riembauer, a Priest born in 1770, at Randerstadt, in Bavaria. He was the son of a poor laborer, and spent the chief part of his infancy in the humble occupation of a cow-boy. But at an early age evincing remarkable intelligence, and an ardent desire for instruction, he expressed his determination of devoting himself to the ecclesiastical state. He had scarcely attained his thirteenth year when he threw himself at the feet of the Curate of the village, and begged of him the instruction necessary for preparing him for the Lyceum; and he made so rapid a progress in his studies, that, in the space of a year, he was able to undergo the usual examination, and he was admitted into the Lyceum of Ratisbon.

At this place Riembauer, by his strict conduct and his rapid advancement in the knowledge of the sciences, acquired the character of being an extraordinary student, and it was universally believed that he would attain to a high station in the Church. He was perfectly acquainted with the canons and ecclesiastical history. He took particular pleasure in exercising his mind with subtleties of logic. He read a great deal, and meditated upon the works of the Jesuits, and his character became moulded according to their moral casuistry.

In 1795 he was ordained a Priest, and performed the duties of Assistant-Vicar in different villages. In 1807 he underwent, with much honor to himself, an ex-

amination for a Curacy; and in 1808 he was appointed Curate of Priel; and in 1810 he was promoted to the Curacy of Randerstadt.

From the first period of exercising his functions, Riembauer acquired the highest estimation. He was a man of remarkable figure, and an interesting countenance, and there was something striking in his whole appearance; he united grace and gravity; he was clever, eloquent, and insinuating. He was talked of as the Priest par excellence, and held up as a model for all the Curates of the environs. Besides, he performed his sacerdotal duties with extreme punctuality, and observed the most rigid line of conduct in his manner of living. All his leisure moments were devoted to reading and study. "Such," said he to the other Curates, who were wondering at his zealous attachment for the sciences, "such is the true destination of a Priest, who ought not to have the slightest care for worldly matters." In the church his sermons were full of fire, and breathed the purest love of virtue, and he denounced the vices of the age in the most energetic style. While he was not in the church he was generally observed to walk with his head inclined to one side, his eyes half closed and fixed on the ground, with a smile on his mouth, and his hands joined. Reimbauer ever affected a kind of mysticism, and it would seem that he aimed at canonization. He made the people believe that he had intimate communication with the heavenly spirits; he said he had received visits in his chamber from several of the dead, who had come from purgatory to request him to say masses for them, and that he had seen the souls of several (who had been freed,) fly to the heavenly mansion in the form of doves. He added, that in his walks at night, to perform the sacred office, the dead frequently accosted him in the shape of meteors, and begged his benediction; and that they turned to the right or to the left, according to the direction he gave his holy fingers. In fine, the people venerated him as a Saint, and the person who succeeded him in his former Curacy thought himself sanctified in obtaining the place of so holy a man.

Such was the person who, a few years afterwards, was accused of the following crimes:—First, of having had a child by the cook of the Curate of Hoskirchen, who lay in, about the year 1801, with a male child, which died shortly afterwards; secondly, of having had a child by Ann Marie Eichlaetter, the servant of the Curate of Hernsheim, and of having assassinated her by cutting her throat with a razor; thirdly, of having had children by a milliner, and another Curate's servant maid; fourthly, of having had a child by Madelaine Fravenecht, the daughter of a farmer of Lauterbach, of having swindled her father of 5000 francs, and of having poisoned the daughter and her mother; fifthly, of having had at different periods three children by Ann Weninger, his last kitchen maid; sixthly, of having forged a certificate of deposit for the sum of 1400 francs; and, lastly, of having caused abortion of two women. The following are the details of the different crimes:

When Riembauer was Curate of Pirkvang, he introduced himself into the house of a farmer named Fravenknecht, whose family were celebrated for the purity of their morals, their economy, and their constant application to the business of the farm. The family consisted of the father, his wife, and two daughters, named Madelaine and Catharine. The former, who was the eldest, had been described by all who knew her, and even by the accused himself, as a perfect model of purity and virtue. Riembauer conceived the foul project of seducing her, and appropriating to himself the fortune of the family. In order to affect his object, he had recourse to the most exact attentions, and flattering speeches of the most seductive description. His first care was to do away with all apparent superiority and distinction of rank, and for that purpose he assisted the family in their rustic toils, quoting upon the occasion the decrees of the Council of Carthage, and citing the examples of St. Epiphane, and other priests and bishops of ancient times, who had all united the sacerdotal duties with the labor of cultivating the earth. In a short time he purchased, without having any property of his own—the farm belonging to the family, for 10,000 francs, forged a receipt for half that sum, and, with respect to the other 5,000 francs, he had the tact (after the death of the father) to induce the widow to free him from all responsibility by the means of reciprocal engagements. He was not less successful in his plan of seduction. Madelaine gave birth to a child at Munich, and Riembauer even exacted from the mother a sum of 1,000 francs for the expenses of the lying-in of her daughter.

At the time of her accouchement Riembauer was staying at Munich a short time, in order to pass an examination. He had not been there long when he received an unexpected letter from Ann Marie Eichlaetter, his former paramour, who had just arrived from her native village, in order to claim some assistance from him. Not being able to see him, she was obliged to write him a threatening letter on the subject. Riembauer immediately went to see her at Ratisbon, and was again treated as a lover, but he positively refused to give up his new intimacy with Madelaine, or to take Ann Marie into his service as a kitchen-maid. Shortly after the latter quitted the city of Ratisbon a second time, and went to see Riembauer, who was then at his vicarage. She was never seen afterwards!

Some time after Riembauer was appointed to the curacy of Priol, he sold the farm which had belonged to the family of Fravenknecht, and he repaired to his new habitation, accompanied by the widow and her two daughters. In the course of the following year Madelaine died suddenly, and her mother expired in the same way five days afterwards.

Before these two deaths took place, Catherine, the youngest daughter, had left the house, and lived as servant in several families. Five years elapsed, during which time nothing transpired touching the deaths of Ann Marie, of the widow, or Madelaine, her daughter. But there existed a witness of the crimes of Riembauer, and that witness was Catherine! This young girl, who was naturally of a very lively disposition, was sometimes attacked by fits of sombre melancholy and convulsions, which could not be accounted for. She exhibited symptoms of the greatest terror whenever she was obliged to sleep alone. This state of uneasiness and melancholy increased from day to day. At last she communicated to some of her confessors the fatal secret, and she revealed to them that she had seen Riembauer, the Priest, assassinate a young woman. All the confessors directed her to

keep the secret. One of them, however, with a view of serving Catherine and Riembauer, wrote to the latter an anonymous letter in the following terms:—

"Habeo casem mihi propositum, quem tantummodo tu solvere potes. Vir quidam, quem tu bene noscias, debat alieni personae 3,000 florennorum cerciter. Si conscientia tua vigilat, solve hoc debitum. Nisi intra quatuor hebdomadas respondeas, horrenda palefaciet ista persona."

HANNIBAL ANTE PORTAS.

Riembauer sent no answer to this epistle, nor did he make any payment. At last Catherine denounced him before the magistrates, and the following are the facts which appear from her statement and from the indictment:

Ann Marie Eichlaetter was described by Catherine as a very beautiful young woman, and particularly remarkable for having a fine set of teeth. Catherine stated that Ann Marie came to the house of Riembauer for the purpose of getting some pecuniary assistance from him. He made her walk into his room. Madelaine, who was then 12 years old, being anxious to gratify a curiosity not unnatural at her age, looked through the key hole; she beheld the curate holding the young woman extended upon the ground, and pretending to embrace her. She then saw him press her head upon the floor, and draw a razor across her throat. Terrified at the sight, Madelaine ran and informed her mother and sister, who went to the door and heard the following conversation between the assassin and his victim:—"Repent of your sins—you must die!" ("Randal mach reue und leid du mast sterben.") Marie replied, in an agony of grief, "François, don't take away my life!—surely you would not kill me!—I will never again trouble you for money." At that moment the mother and sister of Catherine went away from the door, but the latter remained, and continued to look through the key hole. She states that she saw Riembauer kneeling upon the young woman, who lay at full length upon the floor, and pressing between his bloody hands the neck and head of Marie. Shortly after he left the room, and entered the apartment where the mother, Madelaine, and Catherine were sitting, and related to them what he had just been doing, remarking that the crime was an act of necessity, that Marie had a child by him, and that she tried to extort 400 francs from him, and that she had threatened to inform against him. He then addressed to them the most humble supplications, and made the most flattering promises in order to induce them to keep the secret. But Catherine's mother seemed anxious to denounce him at the moment. Riembauer, upon this, threatened to commit suicide, and even took a rope and went into a neighboring wood; but the woman, frightened at his manner, followed him, and implored him not to make away with himself, promising at the same time to bury in oblivion what had passed.

It was found necessary to remove every trace of the crime that had been committed. The second Mingrat lifted the naked body of his victim, and carried it upon his shoulder to a little private closet, the head hanging down and staining the floor with blood. He then tried to remove those marks of blood, first with cold water and then boiling water, but he was unable to destroy the stains altogether. He next made use of a plane, and shaved away a good deal of the floor; but in a short time an infectious smell spread over the house, and one of the workmen was very near discovering the corpse. From that period Riembauer took great precaution in concealing it, and kept the door of the closet constantly locked.

It was about two years after the perpetration of that crime that Madelaine and

her mother died, both of whom (according to Catherine's account) were poisoned by Riembauer. She added that the mother and the daughter had frequent quarrels with the Curate (Riembauer,) and that Madelaine had even expressed her determination of quitting the house; that both of them were seized with illness at the same time. Riembauer prevented a doctor, a surgeon, or a priest from being called in. He had the medicine made up by a barber, and administered it himself to Madelaine, who expired almost the moment after she had swallowed it; that her body after death became very much swelled, and was covered with spots, and the blood flowed from her mouth and nose; that the barber ascertained that Madelaine was at that time in the family way.

During the life-time of Madelaine, Riembauer told her that he would give any one 2000 florins who would undertake to kill Catherine, because he foresaw that she would not keep the secret, or that she would have some ridiculous prejudices on the subject, Madelaine informed her sister of his bad intentions toward her, and put her on her guard.

Riembauer had done every thing in his power to bring Catherine over to his interest, well knowing that she was the only living witness of his crime; but she avoided his entreaties with a great deal of cleverness. On one occasion he promised her a marriage portion of 8000 florins, provided she remained in the house with him; and, upon her refusal, observed, "Your mother and your sister are dead—they will never speak again—and I shall say they murdered Marie."

Upon the information of Catherine, Riembauer was taken into custody, and the investigation which followed confirmed all the circumstances which had been revealed by the unfortunate survivor. The skeleton of the dead body was found. The mouth exhibited the fine set of teeth described by Catharine. In the same place were discovered spots of blood, and the traces of the plane made use of by Riembauer.

Riembauer, in his first examinations, replied to the questions put to him with considerable address, admitting those facts which he could not deny without compromising himself, but protesting he was not the murderer of Ann Marie, attributing her death to Madelaine, who was jealous of her. With the most perfidious skill he combined, and put in the strongest light, all those circumstances which could render this system of justification probable.

The examining judge, unable to reason the prisoner into an acknowledgment of his crime, sought to act upon his imagination. On All Saint's day, the anniversary of the murder of Ann Marie, at four o'clock in the evening, he entered upon his 88th examination. After endeavoring, during eight consecutive hours, to wring an avowal from the prisoner, by laying before him the evident proofs of his crime, he gave up the attempt as useless. At that moment it struck midnight, when the Judge suddenly unfolded a black cloth, containing the skull of Ann Marie. At this sight Riembauer started from his seat, opened wide his eyes, and smiled, according to his usual custom, and yet drew back three paces, as if retreating from the accusing looks of the fleshless skull; but, quickly recovering his self-possession, he exclaimed, "My conscience is at rest; that head, if it could speak, would say, Riembauer is my lover, and not my murderer. This is the anniversary of her death."

This extraordinary case had been pending for the last four years before the Supreme Criminal Tribunal of Bavaria, and the proceedings on record already occupied 42 volumes, when, at the moment of

one of the Judges sending in a final report, it was announced to him that the prisoner had changed the nature of his declaration, now asserting that it was the widow Fravenknecht alone who murdered Ann Marie. Upon this a new series of examinations was entered upon. The prisoner at first persisted in this novel declaration, but at length, on the 100th examination, he made an avowal of his guilt. The motive of this avowal, so obstinately withheld during four years, was not a little singular. Riembauer stated that he had seen, from his dungeon, a Jew who had committed murder going to the scaffold. He was struck with the serenity and firmness exhibited by the Jew in his last moments, and, on speaking of the circumstances to his jailer, he learned that it was only after a full confession of his crime that the culprit, named, Lammfrohm, had recovered all his tranquillity of mind, and that from that moment he (Riembauer) resolved to declare the whole truth. "Yes," said he, "I am seized with horror. I feel that my health is daily perishing. You are right in advising me to make a full and sincere confession. Before doing so, I recommend to the care of Government my poor and innocent children and my poor cook-maid (*ma derniere cuisiniere*.) Catharine told truth—it was I that murdered Ann Marie Eichlaetter." And to prove to the Judge his love of truth, he moreover confessed to him that he had caused the abortion of two of his mistresses, which, he added, he considered no sin, as, according to the rules of ecclesiastical law, in the first month of pregnancy the *fetus* is deemed not to be possessed of life. He also related to the Judge, that, wishing to get rid of a man whom he hated, he had ardently prayed to God to deprive him of life, and that soon after the individual gave up the ghost. He also added that, on an inkeeper refusing to lend him a small sum of money, he was seized with the most violent desire of setting fire to his premises. But what is really singular and curious are the sophisms by which the prisoner sought to justify his crimes. "When Ann Marie," said he, "endeavored to compel me to take her again into my house, I began to reflect upon the bad consequences such a step might entail upon my reputation and credit. I recalled to mind the principle of the Jesuit Father Staller, who, in his work called 'Ethica Christiana,' declares that, it is allowable to kill another, if there be no other means of saving one's good honor and renown. I also recollect that other principle of the Jesuits, 'that the end sanctifies the means.' I reflected upon the great evils that the public scandal with which Ann Marie menaced me would cause to the people and to my sacred profession, and I said to myself, 'If a Priest of such unblemished reputation were found to be a sinner, great would the detriment thereof be to religion; therefore, as there were no other means of avoiding public scandal but by the death of Ann Marie, and that this death tended to procure a laudable result, I do not think I have acted criminally, for my intentions were pure and '*ad majorem Dei gloriam*.'

"Moreover," added he, "before killing Ann Marie, I exhorted her to repent of her sins, and I gave her absolution. When she had no longer strength to support herself, I very gently stretched her on the floor. I merit the consideration of my Judges, because my actions have been always ordered so as to avoid public scandal." This last principle Riembauer seemed to have preached to the young girls whom he wished to seduce. He thought like Tartuffe—

"Le mal n'est jamais que dans l'pelet qu'on fait
Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense
Et ce n'est pas pecher que pecher en silence."

He also told them that a girl might com-

mit certain sins with a holy person. Among other extraordinary opinions avowed by him to the examining Judge, he stated that he conceived it no crime to be the father of children, even out of marriage; "for," added he, "it is imitating *le Bon Dieu*, and increasing the number of believers and good citizens."

Riembauer, strange enough to say, never neglected to go through a kind of nuptial ceremony with his mistresses, either for the purpose of tranquillizing his own conscience, or for the better securing their fidelity. Clothed in priestly vestments, with tapers lighted, he went through all the ceremonies of marriage, he himself performing the double functions of Priest and bridegroom, and concluding the ceremony by placing a ring on his mistress's finger. The children resulting from these connections he regularly baptised, giving them for father and mother names taken at hazard.

The Supreme Criminal Tribunal of Bavaria has condemned this extraordinary criminal to close confinement in a fortress for an unlimited period.

LITERARY.

[We have been politely favored with a manuscript journal of a very intelligent traveller, kept during a tour through the most thriving counties of the state of New York. We give an extract below, and shall continue to furnish others until the whole shall have been published. The journal will be found to contain the observations of a sound, practical farmer, and a lover of the works of nature as well as those of art. We recommend it to the attention of our friends in the country, and to readers generally; believing it well worthy of an attentive perusal.]

NOTES

OF A TOUR THROUGH THE WESTERN PART OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

No. 1.

May 5th.—Left Bristol, Pa. at eight o'clock, in the steamboat Trenton, for New York. About ninety passengers were on the way-bill, not one of which I knew. Amongst our number was the celebrated Miss Clara Fisher—famed for her aptitude in personating variety of character, having wonderful powers of mimicry. She is certainly a very interesting girl, and attracted much attention; but the gaze of strangers was evidently very disagreeable to her, and she apparently evaded not their scrutiny. Nothing occurred on our route worth notice. Having had a pleasant passage, we arrived at New York about five o'clock.

I took my lodgings at Mrs. Man's boarding house, No. 61, Broadway. After making some improvement in my appearance, such as brushing up my hat and coat, and brushing off my beard, I issued forth into the splendid avenue, where all the beauty and fashion of this gay city daily promenade, to enjoy the pleasure of a walk. After walking and walking, and walking further, until my feet exhibited an alarming regiment of blisters, I wended my tedious way back to my lodgings—took a peep at the medley of boarders that thronged the house—looked at (but did no more than taste) the shaved dried beef and prepared bread-and-butter on the supper-table—for the former was cut in true Vauxhall style, one pound to cover half an acre, and the latter was only alarmed by butter—sipped a dish of tea, and made my escape to bed, ruminating on the horrors of an empty stomach tantalized by a New York supper.

May 6th.—Got up early, fresh and active—had a good night's rest, in spite of a slim supper—paid for that and my bed one dollar—just four times as much as the whole was worth. Pushed off to the North America steamboat, and took passage to Albany—fare, two dollars. The night-boats, as they are called, that is, the boats which go in the night, are some of them as low as one dollar, board included; but you lose the pleasure which even common minds must feel when gazing on the glorious scenery that fringes the borders of the mighty Hudson, and which, to a stranger, fully makes up the difference. The North America is a splendid and superior boat, far surpassing all others that ply upon the Hudson, and ploughs her majes-

tic course through the waves at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. I should estimate the number of passengers on board to-day at three hundred, all of whom had the appearance of belonging to the higher order of society, as the low-priced boats are favored with the rabble, who move about here so often, and in such numbers, as to give those boats a good support. We left the wharf about seven; and again I looked around me, but in vain, to find in this dense crowd one familiar face with which I might claim acquaintance. I was therefore forced to look on, without having a single friendly bosom with which I might reciprocate those impressions of pleasure which the occasion was so aptly fitted to inspire. The grand Pallisades, the Highlands, and the abrupt sinuosities of this noble river, were calculated to awaken in my mind a sense of the frailty of my nature, and the greatness of a God. After passing Newburg, the scenery became entirely new to me, as that place had heretofore been the limit to my journeys. After leaving that spot, many very beautiful and highly cultivated seats are passed, on the east side of the river. They rear their captivating forms in the very bosom of apparently primeval nature, on some imposing point or eminence; and as the boat swiftly passes, are alternately hid and opened to the view. As we approached the Catskill mountains, which are much the highest I have ever seen, the celebrated mountain house, called *Pine Orchard*, was pointed out to me by a gentleman on board. It is located on one of the most elevated points, and is distant twelve miles from the river. Its appearance is very much that of a small white cloud in the midst of the heavens, and is in the highest degree wild and romantic. But I came to the conclusion, after gazing at it a considerable time, that the fatigue of climbing to the summit, (more than 2000 feet high,) would be infinitely greater than the pleasure which its airy situation could afford.

on board a canal boat; but was dissuaded therefrom in consequence of the tediousness of the passage, to Schenectady, having to surmount an elevation of forty locks, in a distance of twenty-eight miles, and occupying twenty-four hours. I therefore took my seat in the stage for Schenectady, distance fifteen miles by turnpike, fare sixty-two cents. There are now running between the two last-named places, upwards of thirty-four horse stages, (quite a match, if not superior to the Philadelphia and New York Union line stages,) which go and return daily, generally well crowded. This may serve to give an idea of the trade of Albany with the west. I left the city about ten, A. M. making one of nine tolerably large men, of which, by the way, I must confess, I was rather more than the average size. Our course was west, along Washington street, which extends not much short of two miles, thickly set with houses. After leaving the suburbs of Albany, we entered what are called the *Pine Plains*, but which in justice should be called the *Albany Desert*—for, of all miserable, sterile, sandy, barren wastes that ever I beheld, not even excepting *Mount Misery*, it caps the climax. Nor is there a single object to relieve the eye, to interest the traveller, or to merit attention, until you arrive at Schenectady, save the uniform straightness of the turnpike, (which is very good,) and a row of large, towering Lombardy poplars, about forty feet apart, on the north side of the road, in a direct line for the whole distance of fifteen miles. An interesting looking little boy, who was on the outside seat with the driver, enumerated them until upwards of 1000, when he grew somewhat tired, and gave it up as dull sport. I inquired of a passenger the object of planting them. He replied that he supposed their roots would be some security to the road, and prevent its being blown away!—and, indeed, there was some reason in his strange solution, as the open spaces on either side were drifted in large banks.

From the New York American.

LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA.—Such is the title of the Journal which M. Levasseur, who accompanied the Guest of the Nation as his Private Secretary, during his triumphal progress through these United States, has just published. It is comprised in two large 8vo volumes, well printed, and, so far as we have had time to look over it, spiritedly written. M. Levasseur accounts for the late period of their publication, by saying, that the relation in which he stood to the general while here, continued for two years after their return to France, and that while he thus formed a part of the General's family, he thought it would be most delicate towards him, not to put forth from under his roof, as it were, a work of which he, of course, was the chief object and interest. Under such circumstances, the language even of faithful and naked truth might have been mistaken for studied eulogy, and commanded incense. When, however, his services were no longer commanded at La Grange, and he entered upon a new career of his own, he immediately set about correcting his notes, made at the time, and for the most part, day by day, or rather, night by night, for their hours of day-light were all pre-occupied—and in the two volumes now given to the world, we see their result.

Of these two volumes we shall hereafter speak more fully; at present we translate one or two passages in the last chapter of the second volume, which happened to catch our eye. The first records the visit made by the General, accompanied by Mr. Adams, then become President, to Mr. Monroe, just retired from the Chair of State to his farm at *Oak Hill*. “General Lafayette,” says the narrator, “was daily making preparations for his return to Europe; but before leaving the soil of America, he was anxious to revisit some of his old friends in Virginia; and especially he desired to see him who, as Chief Magistrate, had received him at the Seat of Government, and who, now

retired to private life, continued in cultivating his moderate patrimonial estate, to give his fellow citizens an example of every virtue. The General mentioned his wish to President Adams, who immediately offered to accompany him in his visit, saying, that ‘he would gladly avail of such an occasion to go and offer to his predecessor his tribute of respect and attachment.’ On the 6th of August, accordingly, we started for Oak Hill, the residence of Mr. Monroe, 37 miles from Washington. Mr. Adams took the General in his carriage, together with George Lafayette and one of his friends; I followed in a tilbury with a son of the President; and thus without suite or escort we left the city. At the bridge over the Potomac, we stopped to pay toll. The toll-gatherer, after counting the number of persons and horses, received from the President the sum required, and we went on. Scarcely, however, had we proceeded but a few steps, when we heard behind us a voice, saying, ‘Mr. President, Mr. President, you have paid me a shilling short!’ and immediately the toll-gatherer came running up with the money in his hand, explaining how the mistake arose. The President heard him attentively, went over the calculation with him, and finding that the man was right, put his hand out to pay him; when, all at once the toll-gatherer recognized General Lafayette in the carriage, and forthwith insisted upon returning the amount of his toll, saying, ‘All bridges and all gates are free to the Guest of the Nation.’ Mr. Adams, however, observed that, on this occasion the General was not travelling officially, nor as the Guest of the Nation, but simply as an individual and a friend of the President, which character gave him no title to exemption. This reasoning struck the toll-gatherer as just—he took the money and withdrew. Thus, during all of his travels in the United States, the General was once only subject to the customary tolls; and that was precisely on the occasion when he was accompanied by the Chief Migristrate of the Nation,—a circumstance which, in any other country, would probably have insured him the privilege of exemption.

“The Whisperer,” a weekly paper is about to be published at New York, edited by a lady, to combat atheistical writers and declaimers.

FOR THE ARIEL. NOTHING NEW.

In a proverb of old, by the wisest man nam'd,
Who from dear bought experience preemience claim'd,
A cast of my office, I'll venture for you,
Who exclaim all through life ye can find—Nothing new.

When your young married pair to their bias return,
And no longer with raptures nonsensical burn;
Should the bride, in a pet, her cross destiny rue,
She is answer'd, perhaps, “My dear, that's—Nothing new.”

The braggart who bounces, struts, swaggers, and swears,
Frightens the trembling recruit with his terrible airs,
Though he boasts of his prowess, should danger ensue,
Sneaks off like a coward—O that's—Nothing new.

The lawyer who substitutes quibbles for sense,
And depends on the strength of his vast eloquence,
When he browbeats a witness his powers to show,
Talks nonsense by wholesale—well, that's—Nothing new.

The statesman who argues—the author who writes—
Have an eye to the purse which their labour requites;
But should it be clos'd, prithee, what can they do?
Why, abuse the purse-holder—ay, that's—Nothing new.

When the Chiefs of the Ocean, America's pride,
Great Bainbridge—and Perry—and numbers beside,
Fought so bravely—to Freedom's best privilege true—
It was great, very great, but 'twas all—Nothing new.

Since I've proved in some points, and could prove many
more,
That what has been may be, till life's business is o'er,
I'll beg to withdraw—bid my readers adieu:
Should they think me quite stupid, 'twould be—Nothing new.

W. F.

From the Scotsman.

THE LIFE OF
STEWART THE MURDERER.

This remorseless homicide, was born in the parish of Stoneykirk, in 1803. Tried, convicted, and condemned, he must, of course, be held up to lasting infamy by the name of Stewart—but Bradfoot was his real name. His parents belonged to Ireland, and being possessed of a little money when they came to this country, they rented a small farm in the district of Galloway. Forced from the farm by misfortune—or rather mismanagement, and divested of their little all, they sent their son, Stewart, to serve with Mr. M—n, a pious, benevolent, and good-hearted man, then residing in the parish of Glenluce. While in his service, he was industrious, sober, frugal, and indeed every way circumspect in his conduct, and in consequence enjoyed the complete confidence and esteem of his employer. When about 20 years of age, he married a respectable young woman, whose parents were more wealthy than his own, and being influenced with some idle whim or prejudice, they disapproved highly of the marriage. Being of an independent, haughty, and rather imperious disposition, he scorned to brook their hatred, jeers and misrepresentations, and while under the influence of passion, he enlisted in the Marines. He was sent off to Chatham in 1825, and the health of his wife being affected, by the neglect of her parents and the severity of her fortune, she died in that town a few months after her arrival. He solicited, and was indulged with a pass to Scotland, to convey his only child home to his wife's parents, but he never returned. Tortured and rendered restless and reckless by the constant apprehension of being seized as a deserter, estranged from his habits of application and sobriety, sinking in his own estimation, and avoided by his former companions and friends, he associated with idle and unprincipled profligates, and progressively fell into a life of irregularity and crime.—For nearly four years he has now been prowling up and down the country, like the arch-enemy of mankind, seeking whom he might devour. In this rapid sketch we shall only notice a few of the principal incidents of his life—for we should be loath to tire and disgust our readers with minute details of all his revolting delinquencies.

He was either too cautious, or too great a recreant, to attempt any desperate or perilous expedient to obtain money or property. Even when reduced to the greatest distress, he never once dreamed of house-breaking or highway robbery. Sheepstealing was his boldest adventure, and though he succeeded in breaking Stranraer jail, his narrow escape made an impression upon him for the subsequent part of his profligate life. He enlisted frequently, and decamped with the money he received. He was a pretty dexterous pickpocket, and a veteran gambler and cheat at country fairs. In the course of his criminal career, he became acquainted with a gang of coiners and vendors of forged notes, and being soon initiated with their modes of procedure, he associated with them for nearly two years. Considering that the gang could not always escape detection, and dreading that the apprehension of one might lead to the conviction and punishment of the whole, he cut the connection, and commenced business on his own account. About two years ago, he left the border counties—the scenes of his former proceedings—as “a shanner,” and rented a small room in an obscure part of Dumfries. By his previous knowledge and experience, he was enabled to construct a variety of excellent moulds or dies, exclusively for his own use, and by this means reduced this

branch of robbery to a system, by which he obtained the greatest profit with the least possible danger of detection. At the same time, to keep up a decent appearance, and obviate suspicion, he occasionally wrought at such jobs as suited his inclination. While he resided at Dumfries he became acquainted with his second wife, his coadjutor in murders, and his fellow-sufferer on the gibbet. They furnished themselves with a considerable amount of base money, with which they set out on a tour, for the purpose of exchanging it for the genuine coin of the realm. When they arrived in Gretna they were married with the usual formalities, by virtue of the unique powers of the very obliging blacksmith. During their travels, though they had a number of very narrow escapes, they were so successful as to accumulate a little money; but it was almost uniformly squandered as fast as it was obtained, in drunkenness and debauchery among their infamous male and female companions. Such, in a few words, was the diabolical, chequered, and perilous manner of subsistence of John Bradfoot alias Stewart, before he reached the zenith of atrocity, by a novel and recreant mode of murder and robbery.

When travelling one night between this city and Biggar, he quite unexpectedly encountered an old companion in crime, who was lurking by the wayside, waiting an opportunity to commit a burglary when a genteel family he named were wrapt in profound repose. In the course of conversation he stated that this was the last housebreaking he ever intended to perpetrate, as he had learned a much more profitable and less dangerous way of obtaining money. Stewart made a number of inquiries: and it was then and there he first learned that, by the administration of a stupifying and mortal drug, warm-hearted, unsuspecting men, especially, might be easily overcome and plundered. He resolved instantly to profit by this new expedient; he concerted measures with his wife; they repaired forthwith to Glasgow, and made their first attempts in that great commercial city. Though they realized but small sums, their success exceeded their expectations; but deeming it dangerous, both for their personal safety and the exposure and neutralization of their tartarean discovery, to remain too long in one place, after a short stay they set off, and began their career of plunder in a town in the south of Scotland, at no very great distance from their former place of residence. But here we can be minute no farther: it must suffice to state, that the robberies were all perpetrated under the same guise—with the same insidious display of candor, kindness, and strong partiality for their victims—with the same fiendish manœuvring to promote their mutual design; and the poison was always administered by the fury in *female form*.—The most patient investigation warrants the assertion that they have occasioned the death of three men—one in the south, and another in the west of Scotland, and Lamont, for whose murder and robbery they are now to suffer, was the third. There may have been more: but on this head no farther authentic information can be obtained.

Stewart's first victim was a quiet, kind, good man, and while he held the poison-draught, by which he was soon to be bereaved of life, he expressed his astonishment at the ostensible kindness of the murderers, and the most sincere wishes for their prosperity. He was greatly esteemed by all who knew him, and “a man who had lived without an enemy died by the hand of a pretended friend.” In our short history of the notorious Burke, it was stated that, “for a long time after he had murdered his first victim, he found it

utterly impossible to banish for a single hour the recollection of the fatal struggle—the screams of distress and despair—the agonizing groans—and all the realities of the dreadful deed. At night the bloody tragedy, accompanied by frightful visions of supernatural beings, tormented him in his dreams; but he ultimately became so callous, that a murder added but little to his mental anguish.” The same facts are applicable to Mrs. Stewart. When she first learned that she was a murderer, she was plunged into the deepest alarm, horror, and despair. She declared that she saw the pallid and distorted countenance of the murdered man frequently in her dreams—that he actually stared at her out of the stone walls of the apartment, and that for some time he followed and tortured her wherever she went. Stewart himself was made of “sterner stuff,” and was far more alarmed and annoyed by a dread of the officers of justice, than by any compunctions visitings of nature.—It was then that dark and gloomy forebodings of the awful punishment that follows crime, shot with full force across his perturbed mind. Indeed, it may be said, that the almost boundless circle of human wretchedness and suffering cannot contain more miserable beings than criminals in this state. Without money, without friends, without character or honest means of subsistence, and tortured by the galling consciousness that they have merited the abhorrence of all the good and virtuous part of mankind; and, to crown all, they cannot starve—they cannot obtain employment—they are almost compelled by dire necessity to hurry on in the path of destruction rashly chosen, till arrested by the strong arm of justice, they are cut off by the common executioner.

From the hour in which he was committed for trial, Stewart was well convinced that his death on the gallows was inevitable, unless he effected his escape by breaking the prison. He instantly resolved to make every possible exertion, to run all hazards, and even to shed more blood, if by additional murders he could accomplish his design. While in Glasgow jail, he organized a scheme by which he expected to accomplish his purpose; but it was happily discovered, and he was subsequently confined in one of the iron rooms, or “condemned cells.” A few days previous to his trial, in conjunction with eight stout and desperate ruffians, he resolved on another attempt to break the jail of this city. Their plan was to seize an opportunity when the turnkeys were employed with the prisoners in the other wards, and murder the one attending on them, and Mr. Fisher, Deputy Governor of the jail, and seize the keys; but failing in this atrocious project, they intended to take one of the massive seats, which they had loosened for the purpose, dash out the stauchons of the windows at the foot of their stair, break the interposing cast-iron barriers, and force their way to the outer gate. If the turnkey then offered the least resistance, he was immediately to be despatched. When they reached the outside, they were to fly in different directions, and they were all bound by oath never to disclose the names of the ringleaders. They had procured two of the small spikes from the top of one of the railings, which they had carefully sharpened for the purpose of murdering the turnkeys who opposed their escape. The conspiracy was discovered of course, the necessary precautions promptly adopted, and, when the two spikes were taken from Stewart's cell, he coolly said he had done no more than any man would have done in his circumstances. When he found that all his plans were discovered, and that he would be watched, if possible, with redoubled vigilance, “his hope turned

ed black despair,” and he resigned himself to his fate. In our report of the trial, it was stated that their confident behaviour evinced that they had not the least hope of escaping the gallows.

It must be still fresh in the recollection of our readers that the murder and robbery for which these wretches were to be executed this day, was perpetrated on board the Toward Castle steamboat, while on her passage from Tarbot to Glasgow. They had observed a hawker's wife with nearly 20l. in her possession, and they resolved to deprive her of her property, though by the sacrifice of her life. Finding her too prudent to be easily ensnared, and observing that Robert Lamont was possessed of a sum of money, he next engrossed their whole attention. Stewart sung, told him idle legendary tales, while his partner in spoliation plied him with affected kindness, and gossip about “Rob Roy tartin,” till he swallowed the fatal draught. The homicides were apprehended on arriving at the Broomielaw, and, notwithstanding their experience and caution, they were convicted and condemned on as clear and satisfactory evidence, direct and circumstantial, as ever came under the consideration of a Jury.

FEMALE FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Evening Dress.—A dress of spring green crepe aerophane, with a broad border beautifully painted in different but suitable colors to the green, so that good taste is not offended by the association of tints too glaring: the part next to the shoe consists in a pattern of small spots of deep and rich red; and over this, which forms a broad border, is a full but very delicate wreath of foliage and flowers, somewhat resembling the barberry foliage and its fruit; the leaves are, however, of a green, several shades darker than the dress. The body is full a *l'enfant*, and is made low, particularly at the shoulders; but the bust is very delicately shielded by a transparent tucker of tulle, edged by narrow blond, which draws across the lower part of the neck; from this three rows of blond form a falling tucker, divided from that which draws by a narrow *rouleau* of yellow and red satin. The sleeves are a *l'imbécile*, confined at the wrist by a bracelet, fastened by a cameo. The hair is arranged in curls on each side of the face, parted on the forehead, and short at the ears; the curls are rather large. The bows of hair on the summit of the head are arched, and a la serpent. Three puffs of green crepe aerophane, tastefully disposed, constitute all the ornament. The ear-pendants are of gold, en girandoles, and the necklace consists of two rows of gold chain, with large round links. The shoes are of satin, the color of the dress.

Dinner-Party Dress.—A dress of gross de Nantes of a bright rich red, between the ruby and the amaranth, trimmed at the border of the skirt with black *pluche-de-soye*, or with velvet, of a light and silky texture. The corsage is made plain to fit the shape, and is encircled by a belt of black velvet. The head-dress consists of a beret of black satin, tastefully ornamented with white ribbon, with satin stripes, the color of the gown. Feathers of the bird of Paradise are disposed with much elegance in detached plumage beneath the brim, whence they take a spiral direction towards the summit of the beret.

Ball Dress.—Over a white satin slip is a dress of white tulle, or crepe aerophane, with a broad trimming at the border of a novel kind, in honeycomb, of the same material as the dress. This trimming is remarkable for its brightness as for its beauty; it is surmounted by detached bouquets of Provence roses. The body is made plain, and the sleeves short and full. A beautiful bouquet of roses, with a few sprigs of myrtle, is placed on the right side of the bust. The hair is arranged in ringlets, and slightly adorned with flowers, or with jewellery ornaments.

The physicians who lately read homilies to the ladies on the direful effects of corsets, are now lecturing the gentlemen for wearing tight and large cravats: The latter are rather sulky, and have serious thoughts of wearing long beards if the cravats are laid aside.

Severe Criticism.—Sir Charles Morgan, says the London Atlas, that eminent physician, would find it difficult to supply from the *materia medica* a better substitute for ipecacuanha than his lady's Book of the Boudoir.

A visitor at a medical institution seeing a dwarf preserved in alcohol, observed that he never expected to see the dead in such spirits.

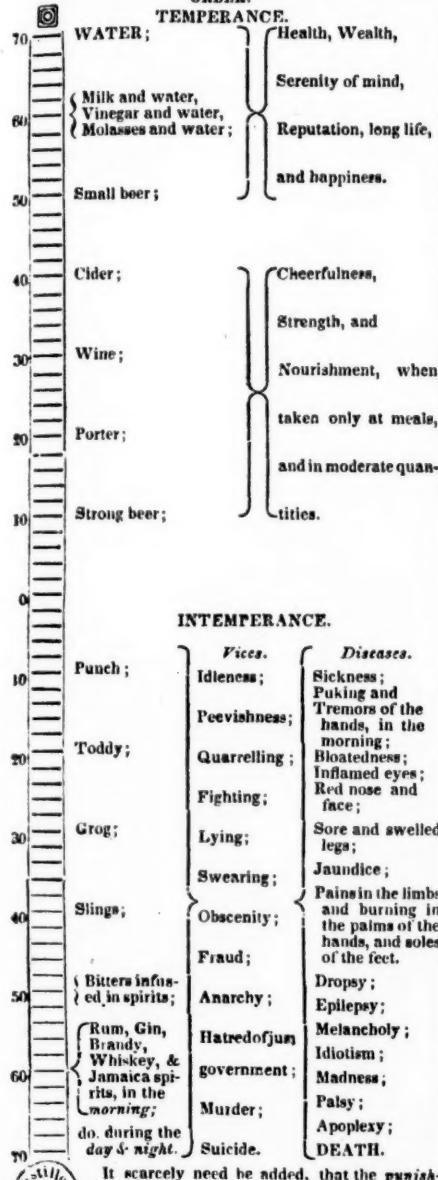
THE ARIEL,

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 31.

A moral and physical Thermometer.—The present time seems a proper one to furnish all the lights that can be collected on the subject of temperance, and to-day we present our readers with a thermometer, which it will be well for all who prefer "punch" to "water," to hang up near the liquor closet, in order that whenever tempted, they may have it at hand. It has been compiled with considerable care, and we expect to receive either the formal thanks of the parent Temperance Society, or present of a silver vase full of—water. We shall call it—

A Scale of the Progress of Temperance and Intemperance.

LIQUORS WITH THEIR EFFECTS, IN THEIR USUAL ORDER.



Steam Carriages.—From the very full statements which we have seen in the English papers, received by late arrivals, we infer that Gurney's steam carriage has been found, on full experiment, to answer admirably the purpose for which it was designed. In one instance it travelled 15 miles in one hour and five minutes, and afterwards a distance of 84 miles in 12 hours, notwithstanding the most provoking delays in procuring water and fuel. The ascent of hills was accomplished without material diminution of speed. What effect this hitherto unsuccessful mode of travelling and transporting goods will have upon canal and railway stock, remains to be seen. We apprehend that taking first cost, repairs, and attendance into account, steam carriages on economical principles,

and in countries where fuel is as cheap as in America, will effect the desirable objects of locomotion and transportation to the detriment of all former methods. Time will make manifest. We insert from an English paper a short notice of this invention:

Gurney's Steam Carriage.—Wednesday afternoon Mr. Gurney's steam-carriage was exhibited, at the request of the Duke of Wellington, in the Hounslow Barrack-yard, before his Grace, the Ladies Percy, Dance, and Murray; Lords Fitzroy, Somerset, and Thomas Cecil; Lieutenant-General Murray, Sir Charles Dance, and a number of scientific gentlemen; his Grace Sir W. Gordon, the Ladies Percy, had carriage attached, and rode round the yard with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. Afterwards a wagon was fastened to the steam-carriage, containing twenty-seven soldiers, besides Mr. Gurney and two or three men on the engine; and though the road was very disadvantageous, being a rough, loose sand and gravel, it drew them round without the least diminution of its speed—between nine and ten miles an hour. In these experiments, Mr. Gurney applied his steam generally but to one wheel, in order to give the company full proof of the power and practicability of the invention. Having satisfied them as to this, and as to its manageability, by a variety of involutions and evolutions, he gave them a specimen of its speed, and drove seven or eight times round, at the rate of from 16 to 17 miles an hour. It is difficult to say whether the company was more pleased or surprised at these unequivocal proofs of Mr. Gurney's success. The Duke of Wellington observed that it was scarcely possible to calculate the benefits we should derive from the introduction of such an invention as this."

In the Boston Traveller, we observe a figure of a woman milking a cow, and under it a flaming advertisement of \$100 premium for the best butter, to be awarded on the 13th. The following just tribute to the elegant butter made in our vicinity is part of the advertisement:

"It being a subject of general complaint that prime butter, except in small quantities, is rarely seen in Boston market, while it is well known that in other cities, and particularly in Philadelphia, the market is daily and abundantly supplied with butter of the finest flavour, put up in the neatest manner."

Celebration at Niagara.—If we are correctly informed, the Canadian authorities put a stop to the blowing up of the immense mass of rocks at the falls, which was proposed by some mad-caps. The keepers of hotels, however, determined to have some sport, and the result is communicated by the New York Commercial:

"About three o'clock, the schooner *Superior* appeared in sight, towed by a small oar-boat. When within a short distance of the rapids, the small boat made for the shore. On the first plunge into the rapids, the masts of the schooner fell overboard, with a crash—she then dragged down a few rods, and stuck fast on a rock, to the great disappointment of the many thousand spectators who crowded the banks of these mighty waters. There is no doubt the vessel would have reached the great cataract without any other injury than the loss of the masts, had she not unfortunately come down the very shallowest part of the channel."

The same paper gives the following lively description of Sam Patch's jump at the Falls—

"Sam was determined to have his jump. His reputation was at stake. True, the people were gone: but Sam was to jump for glory, not for filthy lucre. It was arranged that he should leap from a ladder, erected at the foot of the precipice below Goat Island, midway between the British and American falls. A boat was to be manned, to ride among the whirlpools, and pick him up, i. e. if he did not go off subterraneously, after the manner of poor Morgan. At about eleven o'clock, the ladder, 125 feet in length, was completed, and half erected, when down it came by the parting of a chain, with a crash which broke off fifteen feet of its length. This was a damper—to say nothing of the rain. Mr. Patch wept. This is no joke. Mr. Patch was visibly and very sensibly affected, inasmuch that the big tears did roll down his manly cheeks in pearly drops. Indeed it must be conceded that Mr. Patch carried himself well throughout. I have somewhere read of a sentimental tailor, whose perceptions of the sublime were almost equal to those of Capt. Hall; and who, after the first emotions on beholding these stupendous falls were over, broke silence by the eloquent and memorable exclamation—"O what a fine place to sponge a coat!" In like manner did Mr. Patch, after solemn pause, when he first beheld this tremendous cataract, exclaim in an ecstasy of delight—"What a darned fine place to jump!!" But I am digressing. The friends of Sam—and he was the lion of

the day—declared he should not be disappointed; and if he would jump, he should. The hour was changed from 12 to 4; and the ladder was mended, and erected before the appointed time. At 4 o'clock, precisely, he was there; and both shores were sprinkled with people, while the trees and cliffs of Goat Island bore respectable testimony to the public curiosity. It now came on to rain furiously, and Sam, who is more of a wag than most people take him to be, concluded that it was not prudent to jump in the rain, lest he should get wet. But with the most good humored patience the audience endured the pelting of the pitiless storm for an hour—until they were all as wet as so many drowned rats. It now broke partially away, and Sam crawled out from a cleft in a rock, dressed in white, and quickly ascended the ladder, amidst cheers so loud that they would have been heard far abroad, had it not been for the roaring of the turbulent Niagara. At length he reached the pinnacle, where he sat for a moment like a sea-gull upon the corner of a cloud. Now he stretched himself to his full length—bowed as gracefully as he could to the gentlemen—kissed his hand to the softer sex, and made his fearful leap. "What a fall was that, my countrymen!" He sank down gently, and disappeared in the whirling cauldron, which closed upon, and boiled over him. "He has made an everlasting leap," said an old man wiping away a tear. "I wonder if he was told to look for the bones of Morgan," inquired a little old man who looked as though he wanted to go to the Assembly. And some said one thing, and some another. But Sam heard none of them—he being "full five fathoms deep, down below." It was indeed a wonderful, a prodigious jump, such as mortal man had never made before; and the fishes must have starved some, I reckon, when he popped in so suddenly upon their unvisited kingdom—a province which even Neptune himself, nor any of his tritons, had ever yet dared to visit. It was now time to look about for the new messenger to the deep; and the boat plied briskly round the eddy, to seize him by the crown as soon as he should rise to the surface. But Sam didn't choose to favor them with his custom, as he continued to scull himself ashore unperceived by any body, and the next that was seen of him he was discovered clambering up the rocks like a soaked muskrat! He was received with hearty cheers, and the people all scampered home to dry their clothes and talk grandiloquently of the hero of the day. At our house, it was voted *nem. con.* that *Sam Patch* is but a scurvy name for the hero who was the first to leap the cascade, and lave in the basin of the Niagara, and that henceforward he shall be known by the more appropriate cognomen of SAMUEL O'CATARACT, Esq. N. B. There is to be a hanging at Niagara next Tuesday week; and Mr. O'Cataract is to jump from an elevation of two hundred feet."

Winter.—The inclement season of winter is approaching, when our eyes will no longer be delighted with the variegated colors of the summer prospect; when the earth, shrouded in white, after the slow, silent fall of the flakes of snow, will present to us the same desolate scene, and every thing, from the cottage to the palace, from the meadow to the hill, will wear an appearance of uniformity. The contrast of winter to summer, is like the silence and equality of the tomb compared to the noisy bustle and continued variety of life; yet we may say with Cowper,

"Oh! ruler of the inverted year,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art."

Indeed, to one of a melancholy though not discontented turn of mind, there is something pleasing in the departure of summer, and the approach of a more rugged season. If the former excites our spirits to the highest pitch of buoyancy and mirth, the latter awakes those pleasing emotions inherent in a contemplative mind. The glow of a summer's day, and the vivid colors of nature, fill us with a momentary burst of cheerfulness and hilarity; the sporting of the cattle, the song of the birds, and the apparent enjoyment of the whole creation, from man to the butterfly, communicate to us a sympathetic pleasure, arising from the feeling that every thing around us is happy and contented. Yet there is something in the dry chill of the wintry atmosphere, in the hollow melancholy sound of a December storm, which arouses in our minds the sensations of pity and charity, suggested, perhaps, by the remembrance that there are some, who, less fortunate than ourselves, are exposed to wander without a home during the inclemencies of the season. We would willingly exchange the glowing tint and warm breeze of a summer evening for the lonely silence of a winter night, when the clear sky exhibits the immensity of the creation and fills

the mind with ideas of religion and eternity. It is at this time that the beneficence of the Deity, the greatness of his power, and the beauty of his works are eminently conspicuous. We feel an internal satisfaction at being ourselves a part, however insignificant, of that immense system which then presents itself to our view in all its splendour and magnificence. It is when this most beautiful prospect is before our eyes, that our mind is most turned to contemplation, and thoughts of a more serious nature. But there are some who are not alive to the feelings we are describing. Winter for these has other charms, less sublime, but perhaps not less agreeable. Can any one who is not dead to the delights of society, refuse to acknowledge the pleasure of a long winter evening, and the enlivening blaze of the fire, which seems to communicate its cheerfulness to the circle around it? We cannot better express this feeling than by referring to the passage of Cowper, beginning

"Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast."

The poet seems to have felt the true pleasures of these social sentiments.

The approach of winter should remind the provident heads of families that provision for cold is an important item in the coming months, and induce them to look around for the wherewith to make their inmates comfortable: a severe season may raise the price of fuel beyond their means, when a timely provision may meet all their wants.

We cannot better close these remarks than by quoting the following lines which appeared in the New York American of last week, under the signature of S. H.

THE VOICE OF FALL.

"I come! I come!" Heard ye not my cry,
Borne by the wild winds' melody?
Saw ye not my approach in the falling leaf,
In the wither'd flower—in the gather'd sheaf?
Mark'd ye not my flight o'er the summer vale,
As I pass'd along on the wint'r gale?
Felt ye not the chill of my icy breath,
As I bade all Nature prepare for death?
I have dimm'd the light of Beauty's eye,
I have hush'd the birds' sweet roundelay;
I have silenc'd the mirth in summer bower,
And still'd the lute at midnight hour.
The owl's drear screach, the wolf's wild yell,
Like harbinger, my coming tell.

Get your Dictionaries.—We find the following exaggerated advertisement in the Alexandria, D. C. Gazette. No wonder it is so high-flown, since the indier deals in air.

Succedaneum.—The seasons of soda and sherbet are past, and the subscriber is thankful to those who have been pleased to sip at his fountains during their entity. He now has in blast, and offers for sale, as a succedaneum, during the algidity of the seasons, the *dulcified alimonious oriental umum, appelleated GINGER ALE.* It is saturated with aromatics, and exhales from the cascade a catifed flavorous suavitas zest."

How wise.—The facility with which some editors coin paragraphs is surprising—take the annexed sample, which contains all the properties necessary to form "an article."

How is business?—“How d'ye do?” “What is the news?” and “How goes business?” are the three leading questions in ordinary confabulation, which all men of business ask, and all try to answer as well as they can.”

Punctuation.—Every body can recall one instance or more, of the change which may be effected by pointing a sentence incorrectly, and every body sees, occasionally, a sentence without any point. We shall instance four lines, where it is in the power of a colon, or a comma, to give the appearance of falsehood to the strictest fact:

Every lady in this land
Hath twenty nails on each hand;
Five and twenty on hands and feet;
And this is true without deceit.

Change the pointing, and what can be more simply true than both the assertion and the computation?

Every lady in this land
Hath twenty nails: on each hand
Five: and twenty on hands and feet:
And this is true without deceit.

In Thomaston, Me. recently, a large company met in the school house, which had been fitted up as a theatre. A beam gave way just as the curtain rose, and threw about one hundred into one corner of the room below, about ten feet deep. The confusion was great, but luckily no one was seriously hurt.

The New Mayor.—An election for Mayor was gone into on Tuesday last, by the Select and Common Councils, in joint ballot, the whole number, 32, being present. The result was, for Alderman William Milnor, 17—Benjamin W. Richards, (late Mayor,) 14—John Swift, 1; whereupon Mr. Milnor was declared to be duly elected for the ensuing year.

Among those persons who voted for Benjamin W. Richards, were—William Boyd, Wm. J. Duane, Henry Horn, Thomas Kittera, John R. Neff, Joseph Worrell, Michael Baker, John Horner, Charles Johnson, Christian Kneass, Joshua Lippincott, Charles Massey, Israel Roberts, J. Price Wetherill: And those who voted for William Milnor, were—Anthony Cuthbert, Thomas Hale, Jno. Miller, Jr., John M. Read, John M. Scott, John W. Thompson, Joseph Donaldson, William Gerhard, Charles Graff, Wm. H. Hart, Benjamin Jones, Jr., Elhanan W. Keyser, Joshua Percival, Richard Price, Wm. Rawle, Jr., Henry Trotter, Wm. M. Walmsley: And for John Swift—Sam'l. P. Wetherill.

It is not a little remarkable, that of the gentlemen chosen to be our Chief Magistrates, so few should be natives of Philadelphia. Mr. Watson was a native of Bucks county, Mr. Richards a native of Burlington county, N. J., and the present Mayor, Mr. Milnor, is also a native of Bucks county.

Last Saturday the Directors of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal celebrated the “completion of their great work.” Whether they saw our complaint of their indifference, and of the sobriety of our city editors, we cannot tell; certain it is, however, that they have had a celebration, and that the very industrious editor of the United States Gazette has been at his post, having furnished the annexed interesting account:

“Invitations were extended to the citizens generally to join the festival; and on Saturday morning about seven o’clock, the steamboat Wm. Penn, chartered by the directors, started from this city, with them and their guests, together with Captain Childs’s company of Washington Greys, and Capt. Rumford’s company of Philadelphia Greys, and arrived at Delaware City, the eastern embouchure of the canal, at half past 10 o’clock A. M. Two other steamboats also took passengers to the same place, for the same purpose. The company then left the steam boat, and entered the barges Chesapeake and Delaware (other barges being also filled with passengers,) amidst the shouts of the people on the banks and neighboring heights. Johnson’s excellent band of music enlivened the scene, and added to the enjoyments of the company.

“At St. George’s lock, the first from the Delaware, lay the United States schooner Ranger, handsomely dressed with the flags of various nations playing out upon the breeze, as if in gratulation of the happy event then being celebrated. A national salute was fired from the Ranger; and the hearty huzzas and acclamations of the citizens, seemed to vie with the deep-toned utterance of the ordnance.

“At the same time the fort in the river Delaware also fired a salute.

“At the height near the summit level, a large number of farmers had assembled, with wheat sheaves and other tokens of a rich and abundant harvest, which would find a more profitable market from the work whose completion they then celebrated. The summit bridge that spans the yawning “deep cut,” a memento of human invention and almost super-human industry and perseverance, was gaily and beautifully decorated with flags: From the adjoining hill a national salute was fired.

“From the summit bridge the company proceeded to the eastern extremity of the canal, passed the Leeks, and entered the creek that receives the water of the Chesapeake, at half past two o’clock, P. M. amid the shouts and huzzas of the almost innumerable hosts that had congregated for the festivity. On re-entering the first locks from the Chesapeake, the barges paused, the military companies were drawn up in order, and the citizens suitably arrayed, when Mr. Lewis, of this city, gave a very handsome and highly pertinent address.

“During the delivery of the address, there was a slight shower of rain—not enough, however, to hinder the proceedings, or damp the general joy.

“At half past three, the barges started for Delaware City, and were greeted along their passage with reiterated and almost continued shouts. At the summit of the bridge lay the Boston brig Scio, handsomely decorated with various flags. The neighboring heights were again crowded with people, and the national salute was repeated, which was answered from the barges. The cloud which had sent down its moisture upon the company at

the western locks, had now passed off to the east, and the sun broke out with peculiar splendor. At this point the company was drawn to a most splendid double rainbow, which spanned the whole eastern horizon, and more than repaid, by its brilliancy, for the slight inconvenience which its refracting cause had wrought as it passed over. The company, ready in the abundance of good feelings, to draw a happy augury from so pleasing an incident, received the token as a pledge that the difficulties which had so often surrounded them had passed away; and that hereafter prosperity and the happiest results would be looked for, from their labors.

“At St. George’s lock they repassed the U. S. schooner Ranger, which repeated the national salute.

“At this place, Mr. Wharton, a member of the Washington Greys, fell from the barge into the canal. Mr. Bennett, a member of the Philadelphia Greys, immediately jumped into the water to rescue him; but was wholly unable to fulfil his philanthropic intentions, and both were seen in manifest danger of drowning. At this moment Col. John Swift, with great prudence, and his usual feeling and presence of mind, threw off his coat, leaped from the boat to the bank of the canal, seized a board, and swam with it to the unfortunate young persons’ rescue. They were enabled to lay hold of it, and were thus drawn to the shore, after having suffered greatly by the immersion.

“At half past six o’clock the barges arrived at Delaware City, and the company went on board the steamboat Wm. Penn, which started immediately for this city. On board the steamboat a most sumptuous repast awaited the company, to which they sat down, about seven o’clock, with appetites apparently not entirely sated with the good things that were furnished in the barges. After a hearty discussion of the viands, Nicholas Biddle, Esq. of this city, delivered to the company an address, which was marked with the usual excellencies of that gentleman’s composition, in which he referred to the general importance of internal improvement, with reference to governmental and individual prosperity, and especially ministering to those purposes, of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. The accomplished orator paid a just and happily expressed compliment to the exertions of those individuals who had distinguished themselves by their work, now about to repay them by its utility.

“After the address, toasts were given, and each plied the social but the temperate glass.”

“On the passage up, near New Castle, the night being very dark, the steamboat ran foul of a small schooner from Morris River, which was stretching across the Delaware. The Captain, John S. Corson, in attempting to break the force of the shock, had his arm on the gunwale of his vessel, and received the force of the boat upon his hand. The whole of the fingers of his left hand were torn off. He was taken on board the steamboat, and fortunately Dr. Togno, of this city, had with him a case of surgical instruments, and with the aid of other medical gentlemen, dressed the mutilated member.

“While the surgeons were thus professionally engaged, two gentlemen with a becoming presence of mind, took round hats, to receive such contributions as the party might feel disposed to make, towards aiding the sufferer to sustain the pecuniary difficulties that must necessarily follow his abstraction from his customary labors. The hint was scarcely necessary—in a few minutes from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars were collected; his wounds were dressed, and he remained without much physical suffering.

“The boat arrived at Arch street wharf about 12 o’clock at night, and the company returned from the celebration in the full belief that the great work would be part of an extensive beneficial chain of internal communication, which would aid,

“—like a garland of flowers,
To entwine all our states in a band,
Confirm and confederate our wide spreading powers,
Our wealth and our wisdom expand.”

Comfort for Tragedy-writers.—A recent tragedy of domestic growth being under discussion, the author is reported to have said, “If you did not like my tragedy, why did you not hiss?” “My dear sir,” was the apt reply, “no man can hiss and yawn at the same time!”

The art of Bothering.—By an over zeal to give minute directions, we are very apt to bewilder those who execute our commissions. The following order was actually sent by a farmer’s wife, to a dry good merchant, and has been copied, says our correspondent, *verbatim*. It is almost equal to the pigtail story in the sailor’s letter:

“SIR
If you please send me a handsome winter cloak, let it be full yard long and let it be full, it is for a large woman, they tell me I may have a large one and a handsome one for eleven dollars, I should not

be willing to give more than twelve, but if you have any as long, either silk or plaid, if it is cheaper I should like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve dollars, I beg you, sir, to be so good as not to fail me this cloak on Wednesday, without fail, let it be full yard long, I beg, or else it will not do, fail not Wednesday, and so doing you will oblige

“P. S. I hope you will charge your lowest price, and if you please not to send a silk one but cloth, full yard long and full, and please to send it to Mr. —’s stage office, pray dont send me a silk one, but plaid, I have altered my mind, I should not like it silk but plaid, let it be full yard long and plaid, and not more than twelve dollars at most, one of the cheapest you have and full yard long, send two, both of a length, and both large ones, full yard long, and both of a price, they be both for one woman, they must be exactly alike for goodness and price, fail them not on Wednesday, and full yard long.

“N. B. If the newest fashion be longer than a yard, send them longer, but let them be full, be sure to send two, let one be silk and the other plaid, full length, and at the lowest price, both of a size and price, and full.”

Coal.—It seems likely that the demand for coal will exceed the supply, notwithstanding the increased quantities which have come to market this year. Several of our neighbors and acquaintances who have deferred laying in their winter supply, are now unable to procure the article. One gentleman has just placed in his drawing-room an eighty dollar grate, and feels apprehensive he shall be obliged to remove it for want of fuel. It may be remembered, perhaps, that we early warned our readers to beware of this, and lay up in time. The quantity of coal received this year from Schuylkill county, has produced, from beginning to end, nearly half a million of dollars—much more money than the famed Carolina gold mines in the same period.

To remote Subscribers.—Gentlemen who are desirous to cherish a literary journal, but who, distant from Philadelphia, and occupied with higher cares, forget, or procrastinate our trifling claims, are respectfully reminded, that the increasing expenses of our establishment require a strict punctuality of payment. Remote subscribers are requested to correspond with the Editor, and let the topic be cash.

London Flash Vocabulary.—A voyage to Botany Bay is called by the light-fingered gentry, “going on a fishing party.”—The cats have imitated the fashion of growing double. A western editor describes *one or two*, we can’t say which, having two heads and two tails.—None of our city editors have noticed the new fashion in hats. We beg respectfully to state, that in compliment to the ladies, gentlemen’s hats are no longer *belle* crowned. As regards other matters, the present fashion of Philadelphia gentlemen is to be *genteeel and agreeable*.—*Epitaphs*, when written with spirit and truth, are universally admired; we trust that the following will be admitted to possess these merits:

Grim death took me without any warning;
I was well at night, and dead at 9 in the morning.
On a widower—

Beneath this stone lies Peter Foster,
He married a wife, and lucily lost her.

March of Intellect.—The Providence Journal states that a vessel lately arrived at Providence from North Carolina, whose crew, from the captain down to the cabin boy, were unacquainted with writing or reading. The captain applied to the Health Officer to inform him to whom his vessel and cargo were consigned.—*Strange but true.*—Among other curiosities of nature which Major John Kennedy, of Chesterville, S. C. has preserved, and keeps in a “Museum upon a small scale,” is a Lamb with two feet, one body from the short ribs in the neck, and two hind-parts, branching off at the short ribs, with four feet. This is a fact: for we have examined said lamb. It was born in the above mentioned form; and we should judge from its size that it lived about a month. When it died, it was stuffed for preservation, and may be seen at Chesterville, by any one who doubts the reality of

this story.—A tall fellow standing in the pit, a few nights ago, at the Dublin Theatre, was repeatedly entreated to sit down, but would not; when a voice from the upper gallery called out, “Let him alone, honey, he’s a tailor, and he’s resting himself.”—A short time ago some custom-house officers who were searching the house of a notorious smuggler in France, discovered in a cellar, almost dead, a farmer, who had been missing for almost eighteen months. He was a neighbour of the smuggler, to whom he had given offence, and had been forcibly conveyed into the cellar, where he was kept for this long period on bread and water.—*The new London Police.*—It is determined that the new Police shall not carry swords and pistols, as was at first intended, but merely constables’ staves. The English thieves, it is said, have a particular prejudice against being shot or run through the body, and greatly prefer having their skulls cracked. This arrangement, moreover, is a decided improvement in other respects,—seeing that, in cases of emergency, the staff may be used according to the necessity of the circumstances, and the discretion of the user; but you cannot shoot a man a little, or run him through the body more or less.

Cock-roaches.—A writer in a country paper says that calomel is a complete destroyer of cock-roaches. In our walks one day over the city, we observed a sign over a door that read thus—“traps to catch cock-roaches.” There are cock-roaches in society, but traps have not been invented for them.—A project is on or on foot to purchase the Paris paper called the *Journal des Debats*, and three million of Franes have already been offered for the establishment. Shades of Faust and Franklin, what a sum!! Three million of franes, \$600,000, for a little blue 7 by 9 newspaper, when we issue a sheet large enough for a blanket on a cold night, and no one tempts us with such an offer.—Mr. Aqua Bona, is the name of an English government messenger. He should be chosen an honorary member of our temperance societies.—*More letters.*—The Little Rock Gazette gives the following letter to a hatter as a genuine production: Mr. ——Dear sir i want you to let my son have one hat and i will pay for the same before i return home i have not got money to pay you the account that i have with you at this time but i have a pretty wife a nice daughter a fast horse an a good Racoons dog an i will see you before i go home i am Dear sir yours with more than common respect.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the rivel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?—*Shaks.*

There is scarcely any thing about which mankind in general are prone to form so erroneous opinions, as concerning the relative situations—the comparative difference between, and the consequent happiness of the rich and the poor. To the eyes of by far the greater portion of those on whom fortune has not profusely smiled, the rich man is an enviable being—with that independence which his wealth affords him—with the groundlings at his nod, and with a nameless something about him that makes every one regard him with the utmost respect. This may not be the opinion of all—but it is by far too frequently the case. And I have often laughed at Irving’s illustration of the propensity in man, in his well told story of Rip Van Winkle, in the Sketch Book. When the unfortunate Rip had returned from his twenty years’ sleep on the mountain, numerous people, citizens of his native village, crowded around him, amazed at his singular and uncouth appearance. Many and various were the remarks that were made, touching the rudeness of his exterior, and the unearthly expression which was visible in his changed countenance. But while they were giving vent to their strange surmises, a bustling man elbowed his way into the crowd, and placing his arms akimbo, looks at the man of wonder, and shakes his head—“Whereat,” says the historian, “there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.” This man was the rich, and ergo, the great man of the village. It is human nature—this respect to the rich is either felt or feigned by all, more or less, who are beneath them.

Now, why is it? Are they any better by nature? Did their creator intend that honorable poverty should depress, or riches raise the pride and dignity of man? Contentment is the main thing—and here I want to say a word or two about an instance of contentment, and one *vice versa*, that I saw a day or two or ago.

I was walking through one of our most popular streets, when my attention was attracted by two pretty children, playing about the marble steps of a door, near which sat an elderly man, with his muffled foot upon an ottoman. I immediately recognized him as a very wealthy individual, whose riches were the envy of half the city. His face was the "title-page to a whole volume" of care—and the lines of discontent and *ennui* were strikingly given in his features. He spoke unkindly to the fair-haired children who were playing in the gladness of their young hearts around him. The children ran grieved into the house, as he had unnaturally and surlily bidden them. This individual had a profusion of gold and silver—but they had brought him extravagant living, and the gout and dyspepsia followed. He was not as happy as the most humble laborer, who, with health on his cheek, went past him with his little marketing for his morning's meal. Habitual deference had made him vain—and a life of ease had made him restless under the illness which his own too great indulgence had brought upon him. His wife, no doubt, is unhappy, to see her husband so; and even the happiness of his own children seems to give an additional severity, in the light of contrast, to his misery.

"Look on that picture, and then on this."

My laundress is an honest but poor German woman—one of the few who does not envy the rich—one who is contented with her humble lot. She lives in a little, low-roofed dwelling; but one room—one bed—and two or three chairs. I called the other day, and she was just recovering from a short sickness. She handed me a chair, as she observed in her German accent, in answer to my salutation, "O, I am much better, sir; I feel now more thankful than before I was sick—for I did not then know how to value the blessing of health: but now I am so strong, and can wash and earn my bread—and it makes me feel so happy!" There will be, I am aware, but too many who will think that the honest German woman had little, judging from my own description, to make her happy. But, gentle reader, with all the lowliness of her lot, I would rather have her contentment with it, than all the luxury in the world without it. The rich, but discontented and afflicted person whom I have attempted to describe, had better enjoy for one day the luxury of a healthful and easy nature, than to suffer the stings which unappreciated and misapplied wealth gathers round him.

FRANKLIN.

COMMUNICATION.

Many of our good citizens have doubtless observed a certain wonderful looking animal attached to a coal wagon, which is frequently standing in the street, and once, it is said, was seen moving, but for the truth of the latter statement I will not be responsible. Some speculators in natural history have rashly pronounced the animal a horse. Leaving this contested point, I merely wish to notice a most shameful insinuation that was lately cast upon the worthy proprietor of this beautiful animal.

A certain wicked wag procured an old box lid, upon which he painted the following, and hung it up on one of the creature's numerous projecting points: "Food wanted—enquire within." Another wag, or perhaps the same, wrote upon the door of that good old cake-woman, who has a house up Market street some six feet high, and four feet square: "Two rooms to let in the third story—enquire within."

Now, I would humbly inquire of the ORACLE, what is to be done with such sinners, who are constantly scribbling about, and upon all prominent objects. They have already lampooned *Truth* and *Justice*, and are growing so bold, that we shall have them next pinning puns to the coat tails of the Corporation!

K. S. J.

COMMUNICATION.

Mr. EDITOR—While engaged in perusing the interesting columns of your very useful paper, my

attention was taken by a beautiful question from "Ned," which had for a long time escaped my notice—and as no answer has yet appeared, I venture to send you the result of an investigation, which, if correct, is at your service.

What is the cube root of 7£.19s.11d.
Answer.—£1.999 $\frac{1}{4}$ 10952334.

J. R.

THEATRICAL.

The taste of Philadelphians is not only strange, but passing strange. Let a man of ordinarily humane feelings attend the Arch Street Theatre of a night when Mr. Peters and his two infant daughters perform upon the tight rope, and he will be shocked and horrified at the savage exhibition. To think of paying half a dollar to see a girl of ten years old pushing a wheelbarrow up a rope, from the stage to the gallery, a height of something like forty or fifty feet above the pit! It is monstrous perversion of the common feelings of our nature to countenance such an exhibition—worse, absolutely, than the bull-baits of Spain.

This strange feat was performed several times at the above-named Theatre during the last week, and generally to crowded houses. We suppose our citizens attend from nearly the same motives which influence them in attending an execution. Mr. Peters and his two daughters appeared upon the stage, each having a fantastically ornamented wheelbarrow. Three tight ropes were stretched from the stage to the gallery, over the heads of that part of the audience in the pit, and on which the three performers commenced propelling each a wheelbarrow. With breathless anxiety the entire audience witnessed their process. They started, and reached the middle of the ropes in safety, suspended fifty feet from the pit. Every bosom throbbed with the most intense interest, fearful that the very next step might plunge them from the dizzy height. One of the ropes on which the daughter stood, became too slack. The wheelbarrow was urged onward with painful, laborious, and most dangerous exertion, and for awhile the three stopped on the middle way. The eldest girl, ten years old, felt the rope to slacken under her feet, and knowing that her life depended on its being kept tight, her frame was nearly convulsed with fear—she trembled like an aspen-leaf—the big drops of inward anguish ran down her cheeks, and to save herself, she placed one foot upon the rope which supported her father. In this awful situation, the audience were mute and silent as the grave. Many turned away their heads, or covered their eyes with handkerchiefs, to shun the horrid sight. The feelings of the beholders were painful beyond description. Many were truly sorry they had ever placed themselves in the way of witnessing the heart-breaking exhibition, and resolved to shun it, or anything like it, forever afterwards. But the struggle between life and death was soon over. The three miraculously descended again safely to the stage, on reaching which, the audience broke out into loud applause, more from real joy at seeing the two charming girls again on *terra firma*, than from any pleasure they had derived from thefeat. By all the tender feelings of our nature—by all the love we bear our children—by all that we consider gentle and humane, we solemnly protest against this most unnatural species of amusement. Philadelphia never before approached so near to barbarism, as when she encouraged, by the countenance of her citizens, the cruelly terrifying spectacle.

On Saturday, and for several days previous, the papers announced, in most conspicuous style, that *Young Cowell*, whom they called a "chip off the old block," would take a benefit that evening, in the *Comedy of Errors*, with the everlasting *Hundred Pound Note* as an afterpiece. Something good was therefore looked for. But alas! never was an audience more woefully disappointed. Never was there so complete a comedy of errors as was then presented—never such ignorance of parts, or such wretched acting. The curtain fell amid hearty hisses. Then came the afterpiece—*Billy Black senior*, *Cowell*, and *Billy Black junior*, an entirely new character, introduced to show off what some people consider the prodigious powers of the "chip of the old block." We never saw a char-

acter so entirely superfluous—no wit nor humor, not even drollery, by way of redeeming it. And as to *Billy Black senior*, it was decidedly the most wretched personation of that character we were ever doomed to undergo. It was a decided failure. The puns were few, and pointless in the extreme—so that a full house went away very indifferently satisfied with their evening's entertainment.

MISCELLANY.

Connecticut Economy.—A farmer in Connecticut sharpened his ploughshare upon a grindstone, because he could not afford to pay the blacksmith's bill. In many school districts in that state, men teachers are employed for eight dollars a month, and in some for five, because the money received from the school fund is not sufficient to pay for higher qualifications. Some of the subscribers to newspapers travel ten miles to get from the office, because they cannot afford to pay the post-rider for bringing them.

A correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer, (who writes from Cantonment Gibson, Arkansas,) relying on the *gullibility* of the editor, says, "an Osage Indian can run 100 miles in 24 hours!"—Beate Henry and Eclipse all hollow. We shall send for one.

Several women, belonging to a British regiment under orders for Halifax, took passage from England on board a ship to Quebec, being told that it was "all the same" as if they embarked direct for Halifax. Having arrived at Quebec, they find themselves 800 miles from their port of destination, without money or friends.

Mr. O'Connel, at a public dinner in Cork, thus describes some Irish judicial proceedings:—"At the present assizes, during the trial of a man for felony, the Judge on the bench was asleep; let any man petition on the subject, and I will prove it. I am a freeman, and should not like to violate the law; but on this very trial an attorney was examining three witnesses at the same time, one of the jury was reading, and three of them cheapening plums with a fruit-girl."

The commissioners of charitable bequests in Ireland have, since the year 1802, recovered sums of money belonging to various charities, which had been diverted from their proper purpose, amounting to 239,707*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.* besides annuities amounting to 3,853*l.* per annum.

At the present moment the British army consists of one hundred and forty thousand effective men, in which are included 6 field marshals, 110 generals, 250 lieutenant-generals, 240 major-generals, 240 colonels, 788 lieutenant-colonels, 820 majors, 1699 captains, 2372 lieutenants, 1230 coronets and ensigns—7805 total number of officers.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 16th instant, in Springfield, Burlington County, N. J. Lydia Newbold, wife of James Newbold, and daughter of Michael Earl, aged about thirty years.

The heavy and afflicting blow which separated this most estimable woman from the society of a husband and five children, and a numerous circle of friends, fell with a suddenness that added to the anguish which the shock occasioned. Her indisposition had been short, and until near its termination, was unattended by any serious symptoms. Judge, then, of the heart-breaking affliction which followed a sudden unfavorable turn in the disease.

It is indeed seldom that we are called upon to weep over the untimely fate of one so every way amiable and lovely; for seldom do we see so many sterling virtues of the sex united, as belonged to her whom we deplore. To a mind stored with information beyond a great majority of her sex, she added those numerous excellencies of character and that tender attachment to her children and her home, which are to be found associated only with perfect sweetness and evenness of disposition and

amiability of temper. A fond and most affectionate wife—a mother, doting and attentive even beyond the fabled fidelity of the female heart—a daughter dutiful and kind—a neighbor and friend, attentive and attached—how great must be the blank which her sudden removal has occasioned. Yet the memory of her virtues will live within the hearts of all who claimed her as allied by kindred or by friendship, while the knowledge that her thoughts were not neglectful of the high and holy duties of her station as a wife, a mother, and a christian, will soothe the agony of the bereavement, in the humble hope that in the mansions of the blessed, she has realized the portion of the ransomed and redeemed—a "crown immortal."

M.

OBITUARY.

The decease of JOHN HENRY SIMLER, a soldier of the Revolution, occurred in this city about ten days ago. In the year 1780 he enlisted in France as a private, and served as a Dragoon in Capt. Bart's corps of the First Troop of Light Dragoons, Free Legion, under the command of Col. Armand. He arrived at Boston, and proceeded thence with his Troop to Yorktown, in Virginia, at which memorable siege he was present, and assisted in the capture of it by the united forces of America and France. He was wounded in the forehead and eye by a sabre, and retained the scar until his death. He remained in the service until regularly discharged at Philadelphia, although the greater part of his Troop was discharged immediately after the surrender of Yorktown. On the termination of the war, he married and settled in Philadelphia, where he remained for about fifteen years. In 1793, he lost his wife by the yellow-fever; he then married a second time, and in 1797 removed to Philipsburg in Centre county, Pa. a perfect wilderness at the time. He built the first house in the place, where he resided until he lost his second wife, in the year 1822. In the year 1825 he again removed to Philadelphia, with his only son, where he lived until his death.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Z." has a most gentleman-like contempt for the pedantry of Grammar, and a poetical abhorrence of dull matter of fact.

We are bewitched with "Juliet," and know not where to place her.

"Rainbow" must be a descendant of the noted changeable character, who has tried all parties, and been trusted by none:

"For all must own his worth completely tried.
By turns, experienced upon every side."

"Amelia" has by no means "survived the age of invention and poetry." She is in the full bloom of mental youth. We ask for some contributions from her pen. Let her remember the easy lines of Dr. Johnson:

Could philosophers continue
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
Over the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to drive
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Lady, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five.

"Damon" writes somewhat like a lover; but we suspect we might apply the following epigram to him—

"Damon's in love, I plainly see,
Without a rival proves;
Alas, who would his rival be,
For 'tis himself he loves."

"A Distant Correspondent" is utterly unintelligible. He appears like a huge Leviathan, to "lie floating many a rood" in the *Black Sea* of the Baethos. We shall send for *Sam Patch*, and in the language of the moderns, endeavor to be *down upon him* in due time.

If the author (we had almost said scoundrel,) of the "Apology for Perjury," will call on us, we can put him in a way to meet, face to face, the very estimable individual whom his foul pen has so infamously slandered. Or if he will prove to our satisfaction that even a tenth of what he alleges is true, his article shall be published.

HUMOROUS.

From the Buffalo Republican.

"CROWDING."—In one of my excursions on the frontiers of Missouri, I came to a small log cabin, with some five or six acres under improvement surrounding the house. The usual salutations were soon ended, and I found the man of this retired spot to be a man of the name of Rood, a Justice of the peace in Gasconade county: a section of country well designated by the old woman's graphic of her son's residence of "a few miles back of the westward." The old man led my horse to the stable and returned to dinner: as he set a stool up to a large stump which occupied the place of a table, he said with that hospitable bluntness so peculiar to the inhabitants of the western wilds, "perhaps, stranger, you'll sit up and skin a 'tater?" A good appetite wants no compliments; and in this case I think I used as few as a yankee schoolmaster would in taking a luncheon with his scholars. After partaking of his bounty, I asked him how he liked the country, how long he had been there, &c. He answered "I like the country well, but I am going to leave here." "You'll go to some place more convenient for schooling," said I. "No," he rejoined, "No, I'm too much crowded—too much hampered up—I've no outlet—the range is all eat out—I'm too much crowded." "How," I responded, "crowded! who crowds you?" "Why, here's Burns, right down upon me—right down in my very teeth—stuck right here! and then on the other side I'm hampered up—they're crowding in, they're jamming me out—the neighbors are too thick—I'll not stay here another season!" "Well, Mr. Rood, how near are your neighbors," I asked. "Why, here's that drotted Burns, stuck down here within fifteen miles; and then on the other side they're not much farther. I'll never live where a neighbor can come to my house and go in the same day!" Poor man! thought I as I left his dwelling to resume my journey, you would not call this "crowding" if your family formed one of the layers where six or eight live one above another!"

But on reflection I find there are others "crowded" and "hampered up" as well as Mr. Rood.

Alexander was so "crowded" that after conquering the world, he wept for another to conquer.

Napoleon was so "crowded" in France, that Moscow appeared the only breathing place; and when he came in possession he found not as much elbow room as Mr. Rood had.

In our own country we are all "crowded." A trip of 500 miles to Pittsburg, 1100 to the mouth of the Ohio, and 1100 to New Orleans, is not "outlet" enough—it is a mere morning visit. The mouth of Columbia, or Gulf of California are the only country places for a family.

SINGULAR LETTER OF A FARMER TO THE LATE KING.—The following (says the *Globe*) is a literal copy of a letter sent by Adam Bryden, a farmer, residing at Howick, to the late King. There was some little delay in the delivery, but it reached the royal hand:

"Dear Sir—I went thirty miles yesterday on foot to pay your taxes, and after all the bodies would not take them, saying I was too late, and that now they must be recovered by regular course of law. I thought if you was like me, money would never come wrong to you, although it were a few days too late, so I enclose you £27 in notes, and half-a-guinea, which is the amount of what they charge me for the last half year, and fourpence halfpenny over; you must send me a receipt when the coach comes back, else they will not believe I have paid you. Direct to the

care of Mr. Andrew Wilson, butcher, in Howick. I remain, dear sir, Your very humble servant, ADAM BRYDEN.

P. S. This way of taxing the farmers will never do—you will see the upshot. To his Majesty, George Rex, London." *Indian Retaliation; or, how to Grow Gunpowder.*

The following story of Indian revenge, is too good to be lost. It actually occurred, says our informer, about eighty years since, when the natives alluded to had no knowledge of Europeans. A travelling Frenchman penetrated into their country, made them acquainted with fire arms, and sold them muskets and gunpowder, by which means they furnished him with plenty of furs. Another traveller, going thither some time after with ammunition, but finding the Indians still provided, they were careless of his offers, when he invented a very odd trick in order to sell his powder, without reflecting upon the consequences. The Indians, naturally curious, desired to know of him how powder, which they call *grain*, was made in France. He informed them that it was sown in savannahs, and that they had crops of it as of indigo or millet in America. The Missouris were so much pleased at the discovery, that they sowed all they had left, which obliged them to purchase more of their informer, who thus got a good lot of Beaver. The Indians went from time to time to the savannah, to see if the powder was growing, and soon found out the Frenchman's trick. It must be observed that the natives of our forest can rarely be deceived a second time, and they always carry with them the remembrance of the first, and accordingly were determined to be revenged upon the next Frenchman who should come among them. Soon after, the hopes of profit excited the traveller to send his partner to the Missouris, who, soon finding him out, they dissembled their anger, and giving him the public hut in the centre of their village, our trader deposited his goods, and when they were all laid out to view, the Missouris came in, and all those who had been foolish enough to sow gunpowder, took away some goods, so that the Frenchman was rid of all his merchandise without value received. He complained much of this, and laid his grievances before the head Chief of the Tribe, who answered him, very gravely, that he should have justice done him, but for that purpose he must wait for the *gunpowder harvest*, his subjects having sowed that commodity by advice of his partner; that he might believe upon the word of a Sovereign, that after that harvest was over he would order a general hunt, and that all the skins they should take should be given him in return for the important secret which the other good Frenchman had taught them. Our traveller alleged that the ground of the Missouris was not fit for producing *gunpowder*, and that, indeed, France was the only place where it succeeded. But all this had no effect, and he returned home much lighter than we went, to tell his story to his "gunpowder partner," who ever after went by that appellation.

FOR THE ARIEL.

RIDDLE.

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet ev'ry thing that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be seen:
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same, but ever new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear;
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear;
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
All shapes and features can boast,
No flesh, no blood, no bones, no ghost;
All colours without paint put on,
And change like the chameleon.
Swiftly I come and enter there
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone.
All things on earth I imitate,
Faster than nature can create.
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and straight an elf,
I'm every one, but ne'er myself;
Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice;
I move my lips, but want a voice.
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die:
Thee pryythee tell me, what am I?

ANSWER.—*A shadow in a glass*

NATIONAL OPINIONS.—A traveller in Turkey observes, that it is folly to make the taste or morality of our own country the standard of that of any other. What is considered beauty in one country, is deemed deformity in another. This national phenomenon is pretty fairly stated in the following tables:

An Englishman considers

Turkish Courage to be Ferocity.

Religion	Fanaticism.
Wisdom	Craftiness.
Policy	Perfidy.
Tactics	Treachery.
Philosophy	Taciturnity.
Beauty	Obesity.
Dignity	Arrogance.
Sentiment	Sensuality.

A Turk considers

European Morality to be Infidelity.

Science	Witchcraft.
Precaution	Impiety.
Liberty	Licentiousness.
Modesty	Indecorum.
Matrimony	Solitary refinement.
Gallantry	Debauchery.
Politeness	Frivolity.
Gaiety	Imbecility.
Genius	Penknife making.

From the New York Evening Post.

PETITION TO F. G. HALLECK, ESQ.

Halleck, thou know'st me not, but I know thee,

Or know thy music, which is the same thing;

They could not palm another's verse on me

For thine; I know thy voice when thou dost sing,

And can detect thy strain as easily

As our own robins in the time of spring;

Though we see not the bird, we know the note

Which comes in mellow richness from his throat.

I've stood with thee upon Weehawken's height,

Gaz'd on the wondrous beauty pictur'd there;

Have soar'd with thee in thy unwearying flight,

And breath'd aloft the same inspiring air,

Till I forgot myself, and on my sight

Came all in nature grand, in fancy fair.

Lor'd by thy voice, the wretch to sorrow given

Foregoes his grief, and dreams awhile of Heaven.

Thy "Croakers"—they are treasur'd in my mind;

Thy "Alnwick Castle" with my choice things laid;

"Fanny" some ruffian stole; but I can't find

It in my heart to chide him; he display'd

So good a taste, it were almost unkind

To say one word about it; but it made

"My very heart to ache," when first I thought

That gem was lost, which I of Carville bought.

I roam'd through Broadway, on a night as dark

As that which erst enshrouded Egypt's land;

The rain came down as when within the ark

Was hous'd of old that Heav'n-protected band;

And not a single willing did I mark,

Who dar'd, like me, the tempest to withstand.

The bookmen said, "Your search, there's madness in't,

Fanny has long, long since, been *out of print!*"

I know 'tis sacrilege in me to twine

A wreath for thee: thou art beyond my praise

As far as is the polar from the line,

Or heaven from earth, or thine above my lays:

Thou dwel'st alone—a thing almost divine—

And long hast worn the poet's well-earn'd bays.

Yet heed, I pray thee, this my first petition—

Grant us of "Fanny," now, a *third edition*.

VIATOR.

MARCH OF THE RAZOR!—A letter from Belgrade, containing the latest news from Constantinople, says that it is remarked in that city that the Sultan's once great beard is already greatly diminished, as he cuts it himself from time to time; and those who are about his person imitate his example. Nobody doubts that in a short time the fashion of wearing the beard will entirely disappear. It is also mentioned as something very remarkable, that one of the Sultan's daughters, nine years old, has shown herself in public, attired in French costume, with a corset and without a veil. It is even said that all the women in the Saraglio have taken to wear corsets. At Belgrade, this report about the women is little thought of; but nobody will believe the abolition of beard!—*Constitutionnel*.



THE OLO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

It is the excess, and not the nature of our passions, that is perishable. Like the trees which grew by the tomb of Protesilaus, the passions flourish till they reach a certain height; but, no sooner is that height attained, than they wither away.—*Devereux*.

The littlest feeling of all is a delight in contemplating the littleness of other people. Nothing is more contemptible than habitual contempt.—*ib.*

Reason is a lamp that sheddeth afar a glorious and general light, but leaveth all that is around it in darkness and gloom.—*ib.*

We are always clever with those, who imagine we think as they do.—*ib.*

Whenever you cause a laugh, and are praised for your humour, you may be sure that you have said something egregiously silly, or, at best, superlatively ill-natured!—*ib.*

'Tis a pleasure to the littleness of human nature to see great things abused by minnies: kings moved by bobbins, and the pomps of the earth personated by Punch.—*ib.*

Emotion, whether of ridicule, anger, or sorrow, is the grandest of levellers. The man who would be always superior, should be always apathetic.—*ib.*

The heart is the most credulous of all fanatics, and its ruling passion the most enduring of all superstitions.—*ib.*

The deadliest foe to love, is not change, nor misfortune, nor jealousy, nor wrath, nor anything that flows from passion, or emanates from fortune—the deadliest foe to love, is custom.—*ib.*

No man defends another without loving him the better for it.—*ib.*

We never judge of our near kindred with that certainty with which *la science du monde* enables us to judge of others.—*ib.*

Never tell me of the pang of falsehood to the slandered; nothing is so agonizing to the fine skin of vanity as the application of a rough truth.—*ib.*

There is nothing in human passion like a good brotherly hatred.—*ib.*

If ever the consciousness of strength is pleasant, it is when we are most weak.—*ib.*

What a prodigy would wisdom be, if it were but blessed with a memory as keen and as constant as interest!—*ib.*

Nothing can constitute good-breeding that has not good-nature for its foundation.—*ib.*

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.—*ib.*

He whom God hath gifted with a love of retirement, possesses, as it were, an extra sense.—*ib.*

Our affections and our pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Oderic; the fruits which they bring forth are no sooner ripened into maturity, than they are transformed into birds and fly away.—*ib.*

If ever there had been nothing, there never could have been any thing.—*Aberney.*

ENVY.—There is some good in public envy, whereas in private, there is none; for public envy is an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they grow too great; and therefore is a bridle also to great ones to keep within bounds.—*Lord Bacon*.

It is surely very narrow policy that supposes money to be the chief good.—*Johnson*.

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